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Inglis 298
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A

COLLECTION

of the most celebrated

SONGS

set to Music by

*Several Eminent Authors,
Adapted for the*

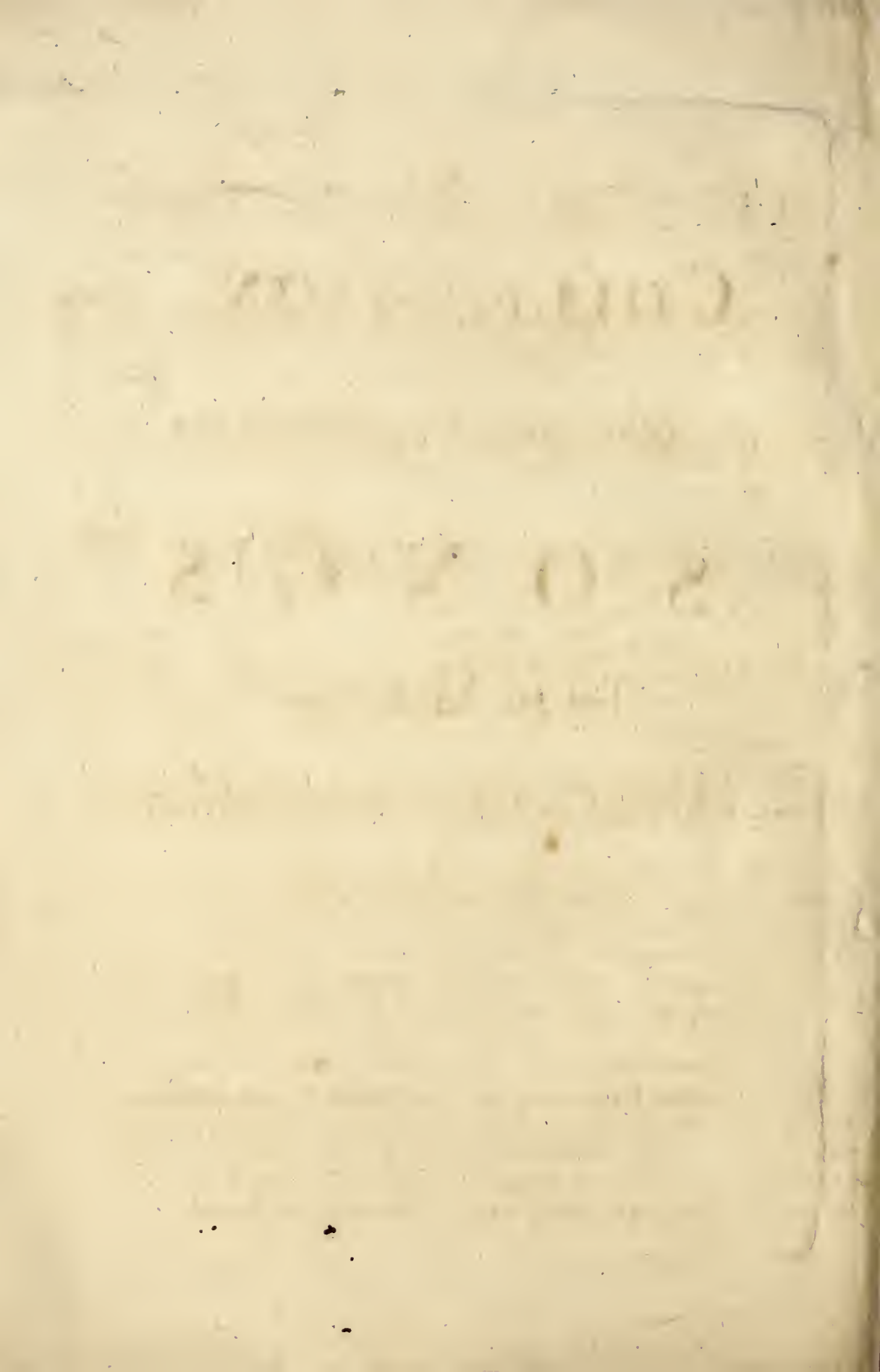
GUITTAR.

Price 1^s

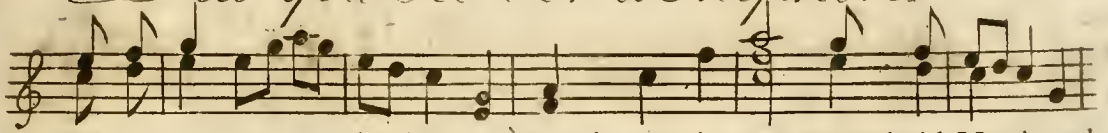
London Printed & sold by John Rutherford

in St. Martin's Court near Leicester Fields.

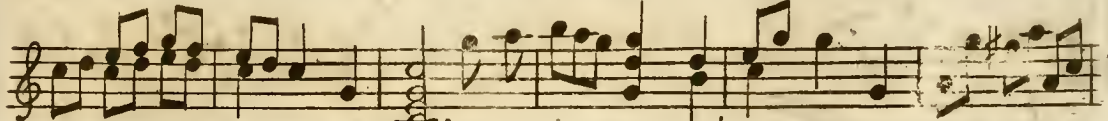
There may be had 4 Collections of the most favourite Songs
Properly adapted for the Guittar and Voice.



Did you see e'er a Shepherd



Did you see e'er a Shepherd ye Nymphs pass this way crown'd with Myrtle and



all the gay Verdure of May 'tis my Shepherd Oh! bring him once more to my



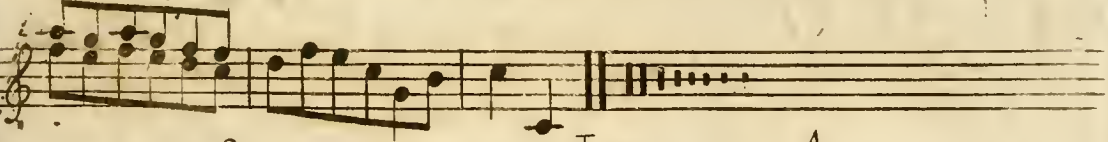
Eyes from his Lucy in search of new Pleasures he flies all the Day how I



travell'd and toil'd o'er the Plains in pursuit of a Rebel that's scarce worth the



Pains in pursuit of a Rebel that's scarce worth the Pains



2

Take care Maids take care when he flatters & swears
How you trust your own Eyes or believe your own Ears
Like the Rose bud in June ev'ry Hand he'll invite
But wound the kind Heart like the Thorn out of sight
And trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her Pains

3

Three Months at my Feet did he languish and sigh
E'er he gain'd a kind word or a tender reply
Love honour & truth were the Themes that he sung
And he vow'd that his Soul was a kin to his Tongue
Too soon I believ'd & reply'd to his strains
And gave him to frankly my Heart for his Pains

4

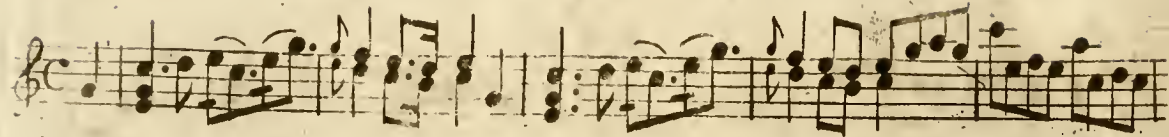
The trifle once gain'd like a Boy at his play
Soon the wanton grew weary & flung it away
Now cloy'd with my love from my Arms he doth fly
In search of another as silly as I
But trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her Pains

5

Beware all ye Nymphs how ye sooth the fond flame
And believe in good time all the Sex are y^e same
Like Strephon from Beauty to Beauty they range
Like him they will flatter dissemble & change
And do all we can still this maxim remains
That a Man when we have got him is scarce worth y^e

Pain

The Attic Fire?



When all the ATTIC Fire was



fled and all the Roman Virtue dead poor Freedom lost her Seat poor



Freedom lost her Seat

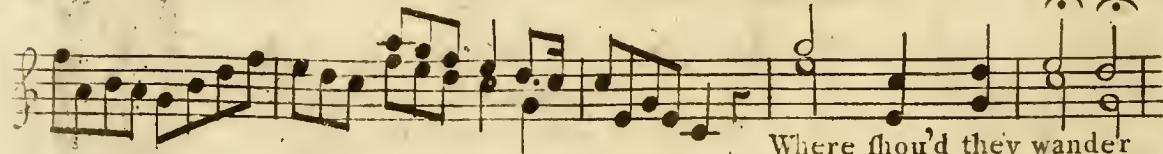
The Gothic Mantle



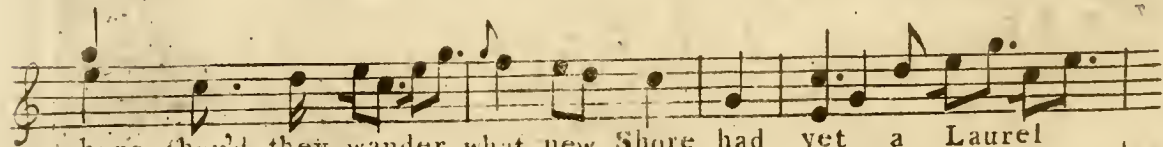
spread a Night that damp'd fair Virtues fading Light The Muses



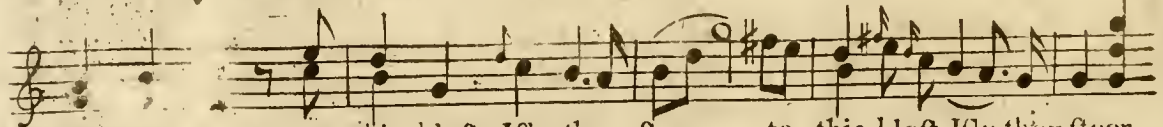
lost their Mate the Muses lost their Mate,



Where should they wander



where should they wander what new Shore had yet a Laurel



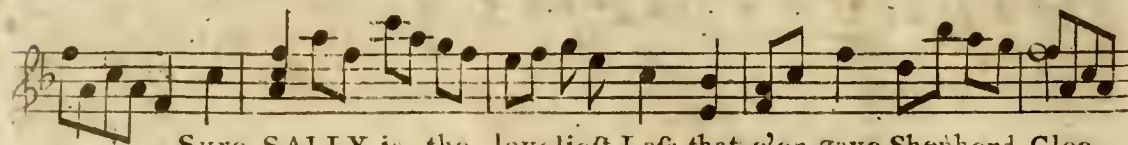
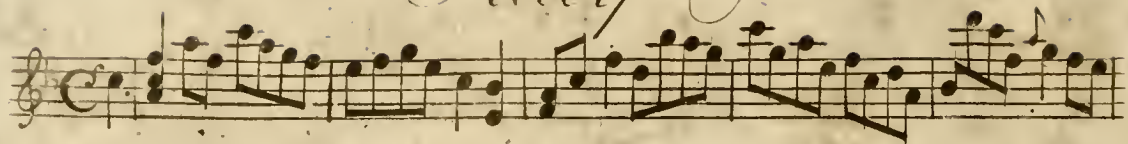
left in more to this blest Isle they steer, to this blest Isle they steer.



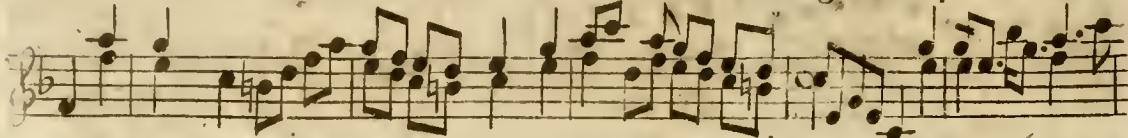
Soon the Parnassian

Choir, was hear'd soon Virtues sacred form appear'd, And Freedom
soon was here, And Freedom soon was here,
The la zy Monk has
lost his Cell Religion rings her hallow'd Bell
She calls thee now by me she calls thee now by
me Hark,
hark, hark, her sweet Voice all plaintive Sounds,
See, fee, fee, she receives a thousand Wounds, If
shielded not by, If shielded, not by thee

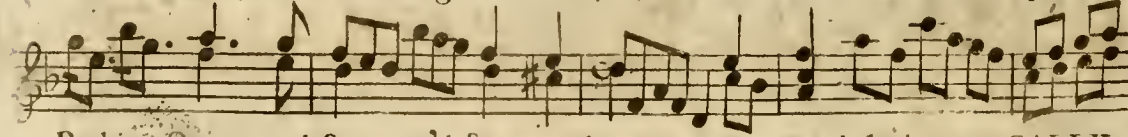
Sally



Sure SALLY is the loveliest Lass that e'er gave Shepherd Glee



Not May Day in its Morning drefs is half so fair as she Let Poets paint the



Paphian Queen and fancy'd forms a dore - Ye Bards had ye my SALLY



seen - Ye'd think of those no more

2

No more ye'd prate of HYBLAS Hill
Where Bees their Honey sip
Did you but know the sweets that dwell
On SALLY'S love fraught Lip
But Ah take heed ye timeful Swains
The ripe temptation shun
Or else like me ye'll wear her Chains
Ye'll be like me undone.

3

Once in my Cott secure I slept
Then Lark like hail'd the dawn
More sportive than the Kids I keep
I wanton'd o'er the Lawn
To ev'ry Maid love's Tale I told
And did my truth aver
Yet e'er the parting Kifs was cold
I laugh'd at Love and her.

4

But now some gloomy Grove I seek
Where Love lorn Shepherds stray
There to the Winds my grief I speak
And sigh my Soul away
Nought but despair my fancy pain
No dawn of hope I see
For SALLY'S pleas'd with my complaints
And laughs at Love and me.

5

Since this my poor neglected Lambs
So late my only care
Have left their fond their fleecy Dams
And stray'd I know not where
Alas, my Ewes in vain ye bleat
My Lambkins lost adieu
No more we on the Plain shall meet
For lost's your Shepherd too.

The Noontide Air.

5

Would you taste the Noon tide Air, to yon fragrant Bow'r repair

Where woven with the Poplar Bough the mantling Vine will shelter you the mantling

Vine will shelter you

Down each side a Fountain flows,

tinkling murmuring as it goes lightly o'er the mossy Ground

lightly o'ery mossy Ground sultry Phæbus scorching round sultry Phæbus scorching round

Round the languid Herds & Sheep stretch'd o'er Sunny Hills

Sleep, While on the Hyacinth and Rose the fair does all alone repose the

fair does all alone repose Round the All a

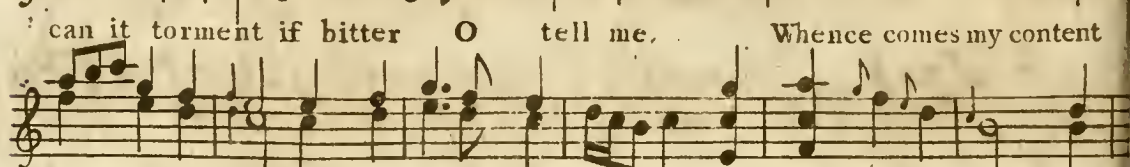
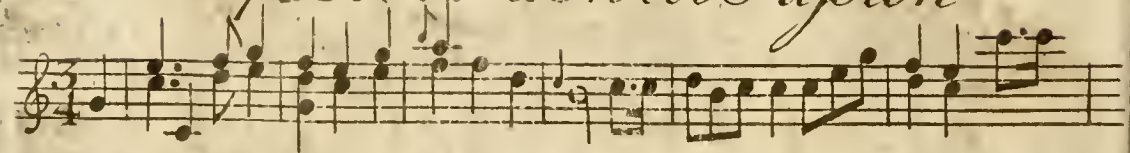
lone yet in her Arms your Breast may beat to Love's Alarms

Till

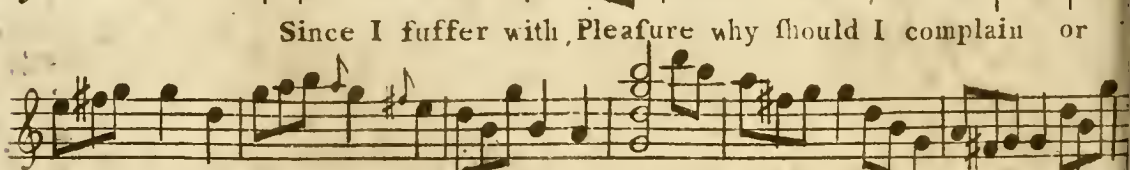
blest & blessing you shall own blest & blessing you shall own the Joys of Love are

Joys alone the Joys of Love are Joys alone

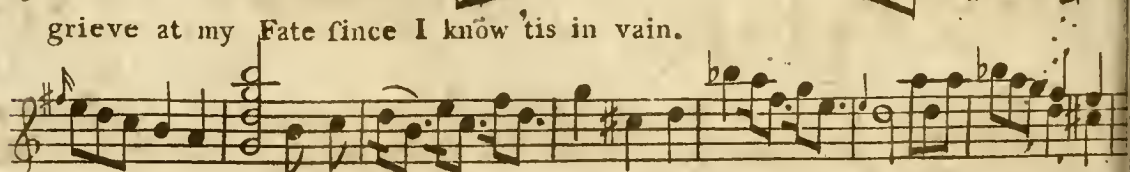
If Love's a sweet Passion



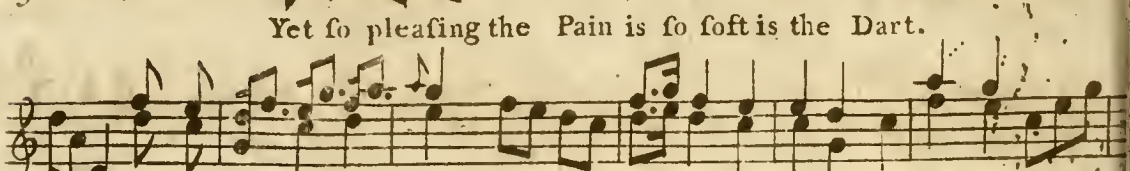
can it torment if bitter O tell me, Whence comes my content



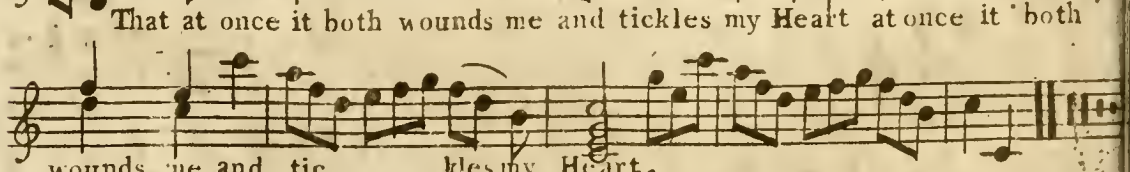
Since I suffer with Pleasure why should I complain or



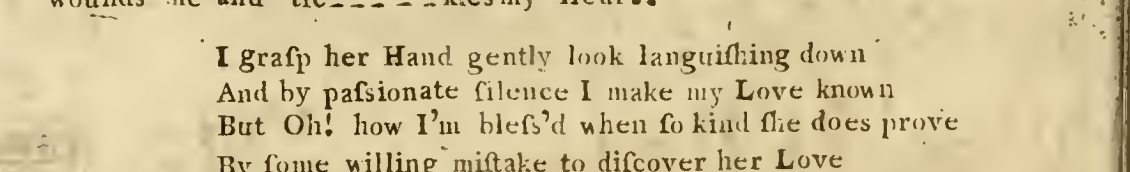
grieve at my Fate since I know 'tis in vain.



Yet so pleasing the Pain is so soft is the Dart.



That at once it both wounds me and tickles my Heart at once it both



wounds me and tickles my Heart.

I grasp her Hand gently look languishing down
 And by passionate silence I make my Love known
 But Oh! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does prove
 By some willing mistake to discover her Love
 When in striving to hide she reveals all her Flame
 And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name

Beauty's bright Standard.

7

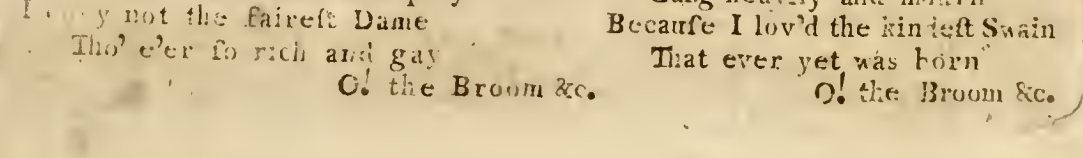
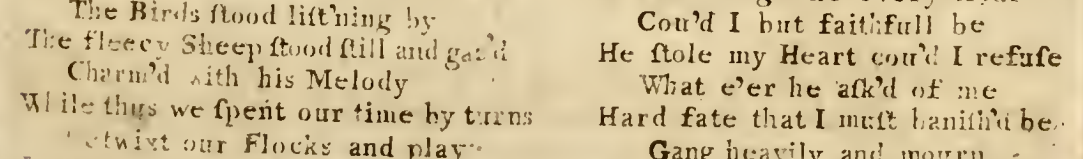
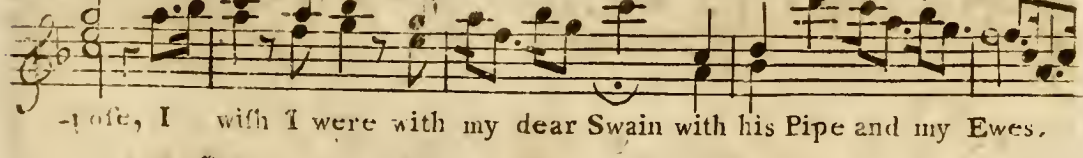
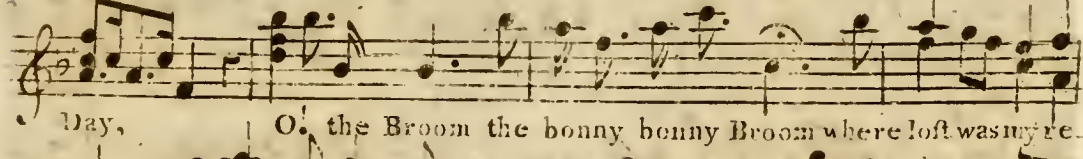
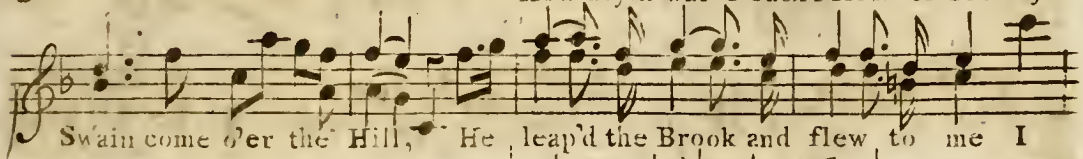
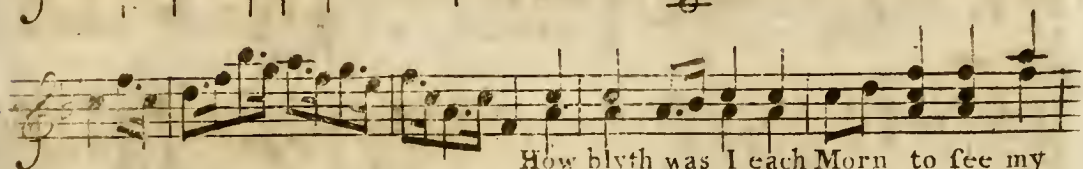
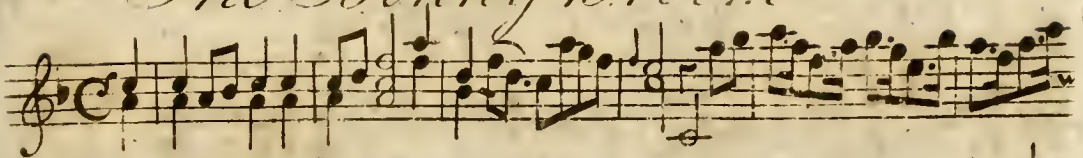
How pleasing is Beauty how sweet are the Charms, how de-
lightful Embraces how peaceful her Arms, sure there's nothing so easy as
learning to love, 'tis taught us on Earth and by all things a - bove.
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield for 'tis
Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field, And to
Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield 'tis Beauty, that
conquers, that con-
quers 'tis Beauty that
conquers and keeps the fair Field.

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 3/8 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on multiple staves. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

How gentle was my Damons
 Air, like Sunny Beams his golden Hair his Voice was like y^e Nightingale's more sweet his
 Breath than flow'ry Vales, How hard such Beauties to resign & yet that cruel Task is mine.
 On ev'ry Hill in ev'ry
 Grove along the Margin of each stream Dear conscious scenes of former Love I
 mourn & Damon is my Theme The Hills the Groves the streams remain but Damon
 there I seek in vain the Hills the Groves the streams remain but Damon there I
 seek in vain From Hill from Dale each Charm is
 fled Groves Flocks & Fountains please no more each Flow'r in Piety drops it's
 Head all Nature does my Loss deplore all all reproach the faithless Swain yet
 Damon still I seek in vain all all reproach the faithless Swain yet Damon
 still I seek in vain

The Bonny Broom

9



How blyth was I each Morn to see my

Swain come o'er the Hill, He leap'd the Brook and flew to me I

met him with good will, I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb when his Flocks

near me lay, He gather'd in my Sheep at Night and chear'd me all the

Day, O! the Broom the bonny bonny Broom where lost was my re-

-pose, I with I were with my dear Swain with his Pipe and my Ewes.

2

3

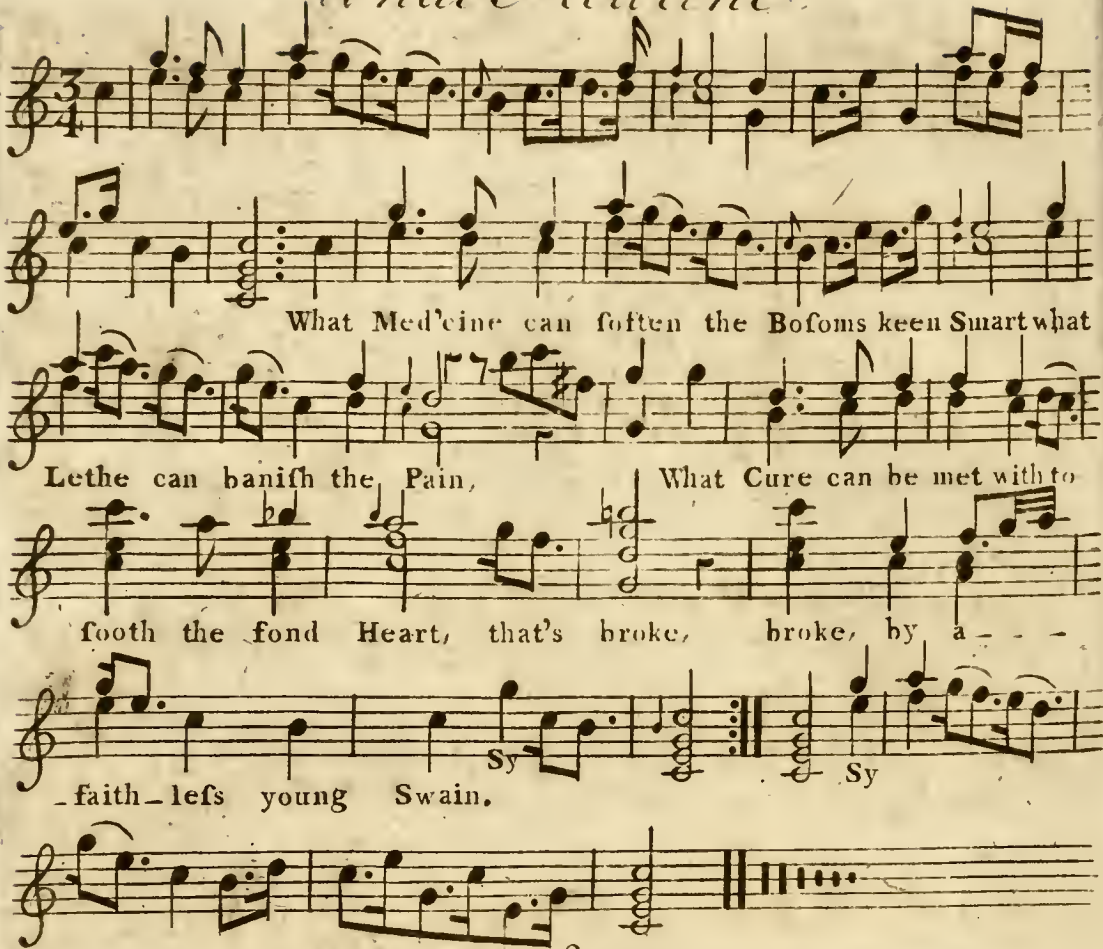
He tun'd his Pipe and Reed so sweet
The Birds stood listning by
The fleecy Sheep stood still and gaz'd
Charm'd with his Melody
While thus we spent our time by turns
Betwixt our Flocks and play
I was not the fairest Dame
Tho' e'er so rich and gay

O! the Broom &c.

He did oblige me every Hour
Could I but faithfull be
He stole my Heart could I refuse
What e'er he ask'd of me
Hard fate that I must banish'd be
Gang heavily and mourn
Because I lov'd the kindest Swain
That ever yet was born

O! the Broom &c.

What Medicine?



What Med'cine can soften the Bosoms keen Smart what
 Lethe can banish the Pain, What Cure can be met with to
 soothe the fond Heart, that's broke, broke, by a
 -faith- less young Swain. Sy Sy

In hopes to forget him² how vainly I try
 The Sports of the Wake and the Green
 When COLIN is dancing I say with a sigh
 'Twas here first my DAMON was seen.

3
 When to the pale Moon the soft Nightingales moan
 In accents so piercing and clear
 You sing not so sweetly I cry with a Groan
 As when my dear DAMON was here.

4
 A Garland of Willow my Temples shall shade
 And pluck it ye Nymphs from yon Grove
 For there to her cost was poor Laura betray'd
 And DAMON pretended to Love.

A Dawn of Hope

II

A dawn of hope my Soul revives and banishes despair
 If yet my dearest DAMON lives If yet my dearest Damon lives make
 him ye Gods your care re If
 yet my dearest DAMON lives make him ye Gods your
 care make him ye Gods your care.

2

Dispell those gloomy Shades of Night
 My tender Grief remove
 O send some cheering Ray of Light
 And guide me to my Love.

3

Thus in a secret friendly Shade
 The pensive CÆLIA mourn'd
 While courteous Eccho lent her Aid
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

4

When sudden DAMONS well known Face
 Each rising fear disarm'd
 He eager springs to her Embrace
 She sinks into his Arms.

